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JANUARY, 1921

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HOME OFFICE
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper By the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

January, Nineteen Hundred Twenty One

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THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY, 1921

A COUNCIL OF CLUBS.

There are so many clubs in Barringer that frequently their meetings conflict. For this and for other reasons we would suggest that a Council of Clubs be formed. The composition of such a Council would be very simple. For instance, each club could elect two members to represent it in the Council. If such a Council were formed, we believe, it would be of great advantage both to the clubs and to Barringer. We believe it should be the duty of such a Council to fix the dates and place of meeting of each club. Such a step would do away with the frequent conflicts which we now have. The Council could, if it so desired, limit the number of clubs to which any one pupil could belong. Under such limitation no student could have so many "club duties" as to interfere seriously with his school work. These are but a few of the benefits to be derived from a Council of Clubs. Many schools now have similar organizations. THE ACROPOLIS believes that Barringer should form a Council of Clubs for the benefit of the clubs and the school.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The observance of the first day of the year is of very ancient origin. In ancient Rome, even before the Gregorian calendar was adopted, the Emperors celebrated by receiving gifts from their subjects. In Persia the year is supposed to start on March 21 and the day is one of universal rejoicing. Among the Chinese and Japanese it is one of the greatest festivals of the year, and in France and Scotland it is observed more than Christmas. Even among the American Indian tribes this day is celebrated.

The custom and methods of observing the day have gradually passed through many stages, in America, each year bringing about some new fad. Even now the idea of making new and good resolutions seems to be fading out. People are now making new resolutions on New Year's Day, only to forget them on the second of January.

If all the students of Barringer decided to do something to improve the school or its reputation, what would stop them from having the model school of the country?

We have decided upon a little verse for our

resolution for the coming year. Follow it carefully and we are sure you will find success.

Be sure you're right,
Then go ahead
With all your might,
And use your head.

HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER.

4A—Room 26. Katharine Duguid, Dorothy Simmons, Dorthy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Dorothy Kitchin, Max Lazarus, Jean Miller, Florence Schubarth.
Room 32. Ethel Carter, Dorothy Halsey, Clifford Mauser, Warren Lozier, Helen Walsh, Charles Holland, Helen Benedict, Freda Carroll, Howard Kent, Isabel Towne, Newton Mulford.

4B—Room 55. Bertha Gordinier, Marian Knight.
Room 51. Stuart Blodgett, Constance Carpenter, Margaret Kohn, Irma Lutz, Eleanor Byers.
Room 45. Ida Lewis, Rosalie Lewitt, Albert Rosenburg.
Room 65. Ruth Gerken, Arthur Hyman, Leonore Muller, Miriam Klein, Blanche Nixon.

3A—Room 63. Gertrude Hummell, Gordon Hart, Herbert Rohn, Solomon Elsky.
Room 31. Benjamin Resnick, Theodore Rissell, Saul Siff, Eli Silberfeld.
Room 91. Imre Domonkos, Kathryn Elkins, Robert Wolfe, Florence Hass, Milita Ahl.

3B—Room 25. Lawrence Burgeges, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Fairlie McNear, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
Room 59. Laura Edwards, Helen Mawha.
Room 67. Esther Obertrifter, Jack Gold, Simon Harris, Elizabeth Mingle, Matthias Neiss, Franklin Steiger.

2A—Room 60. Frank Busse, Philip Freda, Lester Goldman, Harry Jefferies, Franklin Chattin.
Room 43. Benjamin Shill.
Room 87. Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell, Richard Graf.
Room 76. Sara Weckstein.

2B—Room 50. Alice Smith, Franklin Gilbert.
Room 56. Frederick Wolpert.
Room 61. Helen Brothers, Anita Thomas, Eleanor Wilsey.
Room 69. Dorothy Vernet, Eleanor Carberry, Elizabeth Call, Vincent Thompson, Mildred Stango.
Room 85. Anna Di Girolamo, Miriam Elin, Mildred Priluker, Anna McCann.

1A—Room 36. Wesley Mapletoft.
Room 81. Betty Hurd.
Room 35. Viola Giallanella, Dorothy Powell, Mabel Walters.
Room 92. Isabel Schneider, Anna Fieg.

1B—Room 3. Adelaide Griffin.
Room 66. Irma Billig, Margaret Blake, Thelma Chapin, Amy Elin, Mildred Huff, Brenda Luff, Esther Neiss.
Room 82. Warren Condit, Wheeler Coult, George Dougherty, Florence See.
Room 83. Sam Lipstein, Florence Seligman, Esther Slade, Elizabeth Taylor.
Room 57. Marcus Harris.

HONOR ROLL FOR DECEMBER.

4A—Room 26. Katherine Duguid, Marguerite Rusby, Dorothy Simmons, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Max Lazarus, Florence Schubarth, Dorothy Kitchin.
Room 32. Chas. Holland, Anthony Porrazzo, Chas. Caddock, Ethel Carter, Harry Haussling, Clifford Mauser, Mary Rudnitzky, Blanche Stone, Howard Kent, Jerome Sonnabend, Helen Schaffer.

4B—Room 55. Annie Dillingham, Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Joseph Miele, Marian Knight, Emma Ziegler.
Room 65. Helen Mergott, Blanche Nixon.
Room 51. Stuart Blodgett, Eleanor Byers, Constance Carpenter, Margaret Kohn.
Room 45. Rosalie Lewitt, George Owan, Margaret Randall, Rosalyn Berman, Albert Rosenburg, Ida Lewis, Frank E. Ascensio.

3A—Room 31. Julia Clements, Louis Cohen, Theodore Rissell, Saul Siff, Eli Silberfeld, Joseph Stabilo, Julius Yadkowsky.
Room 63. Solomon Elsky.
Room 91. Imre Domonkos, Kathryn Elkins, Robert Wolfe, Florence Hass, Melita Ahl.

3B—Room 25. Lawrence Burgyes, Ben Cohn, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Hyer, Fairlie McNear, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
Room 37. Harold Jayson, Albert Sasso.
Room 67. Esther Obertrifter, Simon Harris, Matthias Neiss, Franklin Steiger, Jean Hayes.

2A—Room 41. Selma Fischman, Lois Hutchings, Jeannette Peiffer, Helene Rosenstreter.
Room 43. Benjamin Shill, Stanley E. Smith, Thelma Sobo.
Room 60. Franklin Chattin, Philip Freda, Harry Jefferies, Charlotte Leach.
Room 76. Sara Weckstein.
Room 87. Lida Bedell, Richard Graf, Violet Smith.

2B—Room 50. Franklin Gilbert.
Room 56. Marie Welsh, Frederick Wolpert.
Room 61. John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.
Room 69. Eleanor Carberry, Elizabeth Call, Dorothy Vernet.

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BALLED UP

By Prof. Cosmo Higginbottom.

[Editor's Note.—We have secured the exclusive right to a series of incidents from the diary of Prof. Cosmo Higginbottom, PhD.., LL.D., D.D., which will appear from time to time on this page. The diary, unlike most diaries, is written in a readable style, containing conversation, eliminating choppiness, etc.

For those of our readers who may not have heard of Prof. Higginbottom, we will add a few words of biography.

Born at Walla Walla, Washington, 1887, he displayed, at an early age, that precocity which was so well developed that, in 1914, he was called to occupy the chair of Psychology at Yarvard University. His well-known works include "Metamorphosis," "Rambles in Religion," "The Theory of Metaphysics," etc.

We are confident that this series will be lacking in neither interest nor literary value.]

Jan. 1—To-day is the first of a new year. On such an occasion it is meet both to examine in retrospection the year just passed and to look forward to the year about to come. In accordance with the last, men are accustomed to form fine resolutions to be lived up to in the ensuing year.

I, too, have resolved something. I have resolved to mingle more with the masses and by so doing obtain pleasures that the lecture platform and the study room cannot supply.

I may have used, during past years, a diction perhaps too stilted and pedantic. Therefore, I have resolved to abandon my more scholarly mode of speech and make use of the colloquialisms of the hoi-polloi.

Jan. 7—I am learning. I have caused somewhat of a sensation—er—perhaps I might say I "have—a—made a hit" by departing, I should say, by "giving the go by" to my former style of speech.

To-day, I had some business at the Dean's office; I knocked at the door.

"Hello," answered a voice without opening the door. "Who's there?"

Anxious to obtain practise in the American argot, I replied, "It's me, old scout. Come out and talk turkey."

"Who?"

"Higginbottom."

"You're not Higginbottom if you talk like that!"

"You've got your signals crossed. Open up."

The Dean, prepared to see a practical joker, opened the door and saw that it was really I. He was—shall I say?—"floored."

Eureka! I am learning.

Jan. 23—The students are amazed at the change in me. They look at me dazedly. They cannot under—I mean they do not "get" me.

The effect is most remarkable. They regard me almost affectionately. I am, so to speak, a "regular guy."

I am delighted.

Feb. 2—My vocabulary in the vernacular is increasing. I now know, for instance, that a premonition is "a hunch," an assured success a "knockout," any place is called a "joint" and an overcoat is known as a "benny." I have read somewhere of a fighter—a pugilist, that is—named Benny Leonard. "Benny" meaning overcoat, this exponent of manly art must have the curious cognomen "Overcoat Leonard." This really sounds a trifle unlikely. I must seek outside assistance to ascertain the correctness of my supposition.

Feb. 7—I am gaining a fluency in conversation such as I have never had before. Formerly, I must admit, I could not descend to the conversational plane, but now, backed by my ever-increasing vocabulary of American words, for it is true that heretofore I spoke only *English*, I can converse as one of the great majority.

Feb. 11—I have added to my "stock in conversation," if I may be permitted to use that phrase, a number of humorous sayings and joking rejoinders, which, though very shallow in themselves, help wonderfully to sustain a conversation and to place one on a friendly footing with one's companion.

Feb. 17—To-day, I "pulled a nifty." While walking with Prof. McLeland, the conversation began to lag. Noticing this, I called into play one of my "conversation sustainers," so to speak, as I said, "Oh, by the way, Mac, have you ever heard the story about the peacock?"

"Why, no. I can't say that I have."

"A beautiful tale."

This had the desired effect.

Rather good, what?

Feb. 21—A change is noticeable in my relations with my fellow-beings. We are more "hail fellow well met." As a result, I to-day received an invitation to a Masked Ball to be held March 1. The Ball, according to the invitation, is to be kept secret from all those who are not invited. I think that I will go, merely, you understand, for the purpose of gaining a more intimate acquaintance with social conditions.

Feb. 22—I am preparing my costume in secret. I have not even told my wife nor my mother-in-law, who is now visiting us. I am to be dressed as Pierrot.

Continued on Page Twenty-four.

THE WINNER

By Herbert E. Noon.

"Pete," rasped the voice of the man at the table, "Pete, you have got to take this bomb and blow up that railroad bridge! Yuh understand?"

"But I——"

"No buts from you," interrupted the Red leader. "If you fail," and the words crashed into Pete's troubled brain like the knell of doom, "if you fail, you will die! My arm is long and more powerful than you imagine, and you will die, I say, if you fail me."

This murderous plot was hatched up in a little dark room adjoining the cellar of an old barn. The man at the table, A. Yacovitch, was an agent of the vast Red movement. He was cruel and merciless when aroused. He had worked out a plan by which he hoped to set the country into a seething turmoil of revolution. To carry out his vast scheme he had taken many desperate steps, not the least of which was the kidnapping of a young ne'er-do-well, called Pete. Pete had lived with Yacovitch for six months. The man had filled the mind of the boy with rot about the liberty and freedom which Bolshevism was said to create. The boy had listened and it had sounded good to him.

However, lately, some partly overheard conversation had set Pete to thinking. He read the papers, articles concerning the conditions in blood-soaked Russia; and, becoming interested, had read the history of America and what kind of true liberty it stood for. The result had been that a distaste for Yacovitch and his ways was dawning on him.

Of late Pete had noticed that the man often shut himself up and he had heard him walking the floor and muttering to himself late into the night. When commanded to set the wheels in motion by destroying the large railroad bridge, Pete was surprised, yet he realized what had caused the moody actions of his master.

Toward midnight a slim gray figure carrying a small satchel could be seen hesitatingly making its way across the little park on the other side of which, black and massive, loomed the huge structure of steel which spanned the chasm with its rushing river.

Pete, for it was he, was in a terrible state of feverish excitement. Undecided whether to go on, Pete sank into a park bench to think. Should he use the mighty explosive in the satchel and set the whole country agog over the disaster? Or should he give himself up and probably be killed by Yacovitch?

Had he but known it, that scoundrel had already double-crossed him. Pete had been given a chart showing just where to place the fatal charge. Undoubtedly a train, rushing through the night, would be destroyed before it could be stopped. Pete had shuddered at the thought. Unknown to the boy, the bomb that he carried was a time-affair. Yacovitch had told his tool to set a certain lever after placing it. But the fiend had already set in motion the machinery that would explode the charge, and in half an hour either Pete or the bridge would be no more.

Meanwhile, the struggle continued between Pete's better self and his fear of Yacovitch. After all, he thought, it was his country, the glorious Red, White and Blue had given protection to his father and mother, when years before they had come, as poor foreigners, to its kindly shores. But, on the other hand, death loomed up as his fate if he failed Yacovitch. Death, by some unknown means, mysteriously in the night —a knife in his back, a shot to his heart—death! That horrifying thought benumbed his mind. He would be a coward, he would betray his country —he would——

Tick—tick—tick——

An ominous sound like the ticking of a clock pierced the boy's benumbed senses. Vaguely alarmed, he glanced around for a clock. None in sight. He had no watch. "I wonder what that —ah—oh, heaven! the bomb!"

Springing to his feet and snatching up the deadly satchel, Pete cast about him with desperation for some way out of his terrible predicament. He was strongly tempted to fling the infernal thing from him and run. In the distance a little lake shimmered in the pale moonlight. Instantly his duty as an American came to him. For his country! Yes, he would! Breaking into a run, he raced towards the water wherein lay his only hope for life and for the safety of the lives of others. Any minutes—any second—the charge might go off, blowing him to eternity, and perhaps with him. On—on—on he dashed, breath coming in gasps, the blood pounding in his ears and chest, pleading with him to stop. Crash! he had stumbled and lay stunned on the ground, but the fear of death was on him and with superhuman effort he scrambled to his feet and feverishly groped for the bag. Finding it, he seized the handle and was on his tearing way again. Now the pond loomed nearer. He must reach it; but his legs were wavering beneath him and his head swam—"My Country!" The thought flashed to him as with a final burst of speed and a great heave he flung the bomb from him. Pete stumbled, fell, and lay still at the edge of the pond. He did not hear the splitting crash nor did he feel the crushing weight that broke his limbs and ribs. Neither did he know when he was taken to the hospital.

It was some hours before the boy recovered consciousness, to find himself in a hospital bed.

Continued on Page Twenty-five.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR"

By Theodora Scrivener.

"Ah, Jock, don't let's go to-night," Molly pleaded. There were tears in her eyes.

Jock turned impatiently.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

Molly shook her head slowly.

"Nothing—much," wistfully.

"Well, then, come on."

Molly hung back.

"No, Jock—I—I'm getting sick of this."

Jock put down the little package he carried, placed his hands on his hips, and looked at his partner with an exasperated, irritated expression.

"Say, Molly, what's the matter with you? Losing your nerve?" he demanded gruffly.

"No—but, Jock, this is New Year's Eve. Any other night I wouldn't mind so much; but out home they have a watch-night service every New Year's Eve, and, Jock, that used to be the—the holiest night—next to Christmas," she explained with a tearful little catch in her low voice. "Everybody promised to do something better the next year. I can't go to-night, Jock—that job is right next door to a church."

Jock smiled tenderly. He understood. Little Molly was new to the game; she hadn't lost her sweet sentimentalities yet. He was glad she hadn't become entirely hard. That was what he liked so much about her. She was so sweet, even with her cold, businesslike practicalness.

"All right, Molly. I'll take the chance alone," he said gently.

Molly caught his hand. She was crying quietly now.

"Jock—*don't* go!" she begged.

"Yes, Molly. It means too much to let it slip," he told her gently, but with a firm finality and quiet determination.

She pleaded tearfully at first, then with a steady calmness and low voice. She argued; she begged; she commanded, but Jock was obdurate. Gently but firmly he shook his head, a sad, tender smile on his lips, his eyes whimsically longing. He kissed Molly and left her hurriedly.

* * * * * * * * *

Out in the noisy night of New Year's Eve, two figures hurried out of the glare into the quiet, dimly lit streets, and paused where the only sound was the chant of choir boys and a deep-toned organ, coming to them from the great church.

Then the figures in the shadows moved less hurriedly now, more stealthily, with frequent pauses, as if searching for a familiar spot. They passed the great church and stopped.

Suddenly one figure vanished, then the other, following close behind, disappeared.

The big house was silent and dark. A door creaked somewhere. It was the only sound. Then into the blackness of the long room flashed a long, thin ray of brilliant light. It sped quickly, unfalteringly about the room, cutting the shadows like a long white knife. The figure in the doorway drew back as it approached. The man in the center of the room leaped forward, a light in his eyes. Deftly his long, slim fingers worked; he was calm, cool, not at all excited. He worked with the slow, methodical precision of one knowing just what each move means to the next. His mind worked steadily with his fingers, like a machine. There was no emotion in the mask-like face; the gray eyes gleamed like burnished steel—cold, unflinching, almost cruel.

Into the silence came the deep-tone chime of a clock—through the window the man had opened came the joyous carol of the choir in the church—a soft, slim hand closed over the man's.

"Happy New Year, Jock," said a low, sweet voice.

Jock turned slowly—very slowly, and looked into the dark eyes, smiling bravely, tenderly into his.

"Listen."

On and on, mounting in joyous cadence, greeting with gladness the New Year of new hopes, the boys voiced their unconquerable youth in their carol. Then, at last, the melody died away, quieting into silence.

Molly rose slowly. Jock remained on his knees, his head bowed.

At last he looked up.

"Why did you come?"

"To be the first to wish you a happy New Year," she answered instantly. That was all she said, but Jock knew, then, why she had come.

He rose, wrapped up his little package again, and went over to Molly.

"Come on."

She followed him with a fast-beating heart; surely he must hear its terrific drumming in the stillness; but Jock led the way to the street, heedless of everything save the driving desire to get out of that silent house.

Out into the street they went, with never a word between them; out of the shadows and quiet, into the glare and noise, the wild merry-making of joy-mad crowds; on, until they reached the shadows and quiet. Then up into Molly's little apartment, where they were greeted by Aunt Kathleen. Neither spoke. The kindly little old woman understood.

After she had left the room, Jock turned to the girl with a cheery smile, and held out his hand.

"Happy New Year, Molly."

She caught it, glowing.

"It *is* going to be a happy New Year, after all, Jock!" she cried.

IN INDIA

By Ethel Dodge.

The last blood-red rays of an Indian sun were striking across the squat dwellings as the gaunt figure of a camel came slowly into view along the dirty street. The rider, tall and gaunt as the beast he rode, was anxiously peering at each door as he passed it. Finally, he paused before a door with a sign in Hindu above it, and, dismounting, went in slowly and with a furtive mien that contrasted strangely with his former bold dignity.

Richard Alden had been for many years the pastor of a little church in a little town in an insignificant little corner of England. He had become dissatisfied with the small opportunity for service his work gave him, and he turned instinctively toward the broader fields of endeavor in India. There, there was a beginning, a chance of pushing definite obstacles aside, while in his English parish the people were wholly good already. That was, after all, the chief objection. All his life Alden had had a zest for the hard muscle- and brain-building things of life. He ought never really to have been a minister, at least not in that part of England. But at last an opportunity had come to him to give his service where it could do more lasting good.

Now, at the age of thirty-six, he was only just beginning to live, to assert himself. When one is the only Englishman in a half-civilized little town in northern India, one has not much time to think about one's own troubles. In forgetting himself, Alden had found real happiness. He had no conscious feeling of unselfishness; if you had praised his work, he would have been astounded—he simply didn't have time to think of his own concerns.

To-night he had some time of respite, and he viewed the arrival of the new visitor with something like annoyance, for he was a very human kind of missionary, after all.

The man entered slowly, bowing low, and touched forehead and breast in salutation. Alden repeated the motions mechanically, his thoughts far away. Inviting his visitor to be seated, with a careless gesture, Alden prepared to listen to anything from petty theft to murder.

"I don't see why I have to be judge, jury, and prosecuting attorney to these people," he thought wearily. Yet even as he thought, he knew that it was all part of the day's work, and that he would be a shirker to complain at it.

The Hindoo began to speak in the low, servile, half-chanting tone peculiar to his race when they hold conversation with foreigners.

"I, Sahib, am a poor man and crushed by god and man. My wife—she is only my third, Sahib, and dearer to me than my own soul—lies sick of fever. There is no peace nor happiness in my house, for she was the light of all. Can you not come and save her, Sahib?"

Alden's face grew troubled. In common with all missionaries, he had some little practical knowledge of medicine, but if the woman was too sick for him to be of use? However, he decided that he had better go with the man, at any rate, and find whether the case was beyond his power or not.

As they drew near to the Hindoo's dwelling, Alden felt more and more what a helpless position he was in. If the woman were in a bad state, and he was not able to do anything for her, he realized what it would mean to his work. The Hindoo in his grief would cry aloud that the Sahib was a fake—or words to that effect—and at least within the immediate neighborhood all faith in the God of the white men would be dashed to the ground. Yet it would be impossible to draw back now, and he would have to see it through.

The exterior of the Hindoo's house was built in the style of a handsome European dwelling, but the interior fairly blazed with the barbaric splendor of ancient India—typical of the struggle between the old and the new in these remote parts of the great country. Mute attendants moved slowly back and forth in the heavy, oppressive silence, scarcely more themselves than animated parts of the drapeeries.

Alden followed his companion up a high corkscrew stairway to a little room, apparently in the very summit of the house. The chamber was absolutely dark, so that it was impossible to make out definitely the objects it contained. Then he discerned a slight movement from a couch in the darkest corner. Drawing nearer, he saw the worn face of a woman, the great black eyes looking like dark holes in the ghostly whiteness of her skin. She lifted one hand weakly from the mass of dark stuff that covered her, and held it out to him appealingly.

"Sahib, I know that I am going to die. I have heard from my husband of the great God of all men, but I was stubborn and would not believe. But as I lay here, I came to believe. I don't know why—but I came to believe in Him. And—I know—that I will go to my home——"

The voice broke off. Alden knelt by the side of the couch, crying like a child. At last, taking a strong hold upon himself, he rose and gently touched the crouching figure of the Hindoo. The man raised his strong, handsome face, from which, with an almost superhuman will, he had banished all appearance of grief, and, with a low obeisance, motioned to the door. Without a word, Alden went from the room, and, with a swift turn, ran wildly down the narrow stairs and out into the night.

Continued on Page Twenty-six.

THE PAGEANT

The September term of 1920-21 will long be memorable in the history of Barringer for the presentation of the pageant-drama in recognition of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. No other event of the sort in our high school has attracted such widespread interest or occasioned so much favorable comment.

The enterprise, from its beginning, about seven weeks ago, to its consummation, unfolded with surprising effectiveness in the hands of its manipulators. Although it was the effort of many hands, everything worked together into a unified whole that gave no evidence of its different collaborators. There was everywhere hearty cooperation. The project that we should attempt some combined effort for the Pilgrim celebration was laid before the faculty of the school at a meeting in November. It was approved, and work began. The history department searched authorities and collected data, and various members of the English department took pen in hand. As soon as there was sufficient text produced to justify the presumption that the whole was forthcoming, the scheme was put before the school, and the interesting process of selecting a cast was begun. The pupils responded with gratifying promptness. From the first, they showed that they esteemed it a privilege to serve the school in this matter. They were, moreover, most unselfish about resigning their places to others where superior fitness was shown. It was understood, from the beginning, that assignments were tentative—that changes would be made where the good of the play demanded them. The first requisite in selecting a cast is physical fitness. Some characters must be tall, some short; some voices must adapt themselves to an impression of age, some of youth. The second requisite is intelligence. The person chosen must be able to comprehend the character for which he is selected, and the action through which he is to pass. The third requisite is *teachableness,* something quite different from mere ductility, for *teachableness* presupposes intelligence and good will. In many of our characters we were singularly happy. The wounded soldier was admirably fitted to his part. The bearing and voice of Pastor John Robinson and of Pastor John Cotton, the tall figure of the English officer in the first scene, making so good a dominating note in the picture,—the list would be a long one. Hardly was the selection of characters begun, when the art room, on the third floor, became a most interesting workshop. Soon banners were stretched out on the tables; paint-pots were marshaled in rows; pieces of scenery were propped against the walls; colonial fireplaces—yes, and blazing logs!—andirons, glowing symbols of a living faith were evolving under skillful hands. And with this third-story activity was vigorous co-operation in the basement, where were prepared the firm screens, to be changed by the paint-brush into log-built walls, and all the rest of the picturesque setting. Much of the success of the pageant-drama is surely due to hammer and nails and paint-brush—and to thread and needle and scissors! The sewing-room was as busy as the drawing-room, producing quaint gowns, collars, cuffs, caps, *silver* buckles! All the while, Room 39 was at work, and the orchestra, under its devoted leader, was preparing prelude and postlude and interludes, fitted to the time and the theme. And all the while, practicing, and practicing, and more practicing was going on, sometimes in the auditorium, but more often in some out-of-the-way corner where one of the coaching teachers could gather a flock.

By these degrees the pageant-drama was welded together, smoothed into form, and presented, on the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday, December 22 and 23, to the school; on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, January 5 and 6, to public audiences. All of the presentations were free. The piece was given with a purpose, but that purpose was not to make money; it was rather to set forth—simply, sincerely, and effectively—the message of the Pilgrims to our generation. The reason for dividing the school into two audiences was that, unfortunately, our auditorium will not seat the school in such a way that the stage can be seen from every seat. It seemed better to divide the school, placing the audience in the middle section of the main floor and of the balcony. In this way, every one could see perfectly. In the same way, our two public audiences were advantageously seated.

The smoothness with which a drama is presented upon the stage depends upon some very hard work behind the scenes, work that the audience should have no hint of at the time. The "make-up" artists are working like mad; final details of costume are being inspected; groups of actors are being collected in readiness for cues; the scene-shifters are about their task of getting backgrounds and properties of the various scenes on and off the stage. With the limited facilities of a school stage, quick work, upon which the satisfaction of an audience so largely depends, is doubly difficult. Here prearrangement, order, team-work, thoughtfulness, courtesy, subordination of self to the good of all are inestimable. Our four stalwart scene-shifters deserve thanks, *cum laude*. There were many reliable, helpful members of the cast, who thought quickly, were on hand when they were needed, were inconspicuous when they were not

needed, showed that they realized what was being done, and thus accomplished no mean undertaking, getting in the doing a training that will stand them in good stead in whatever undertaking they next attack.

In gathering stage properties, we had noble help from many quarters. The Public Library, to which we never look in vain, lent us a colonial cradle, to receive the infant member of the Alden family, antique inkstand, sander, lantern, and spinning-wheel. Mr. Cairns, the photographer, from his interesting collection, lent an old-fashioned settle, two lanterns, a pewter platter, and rush-bottomed chairs. The troublesome question of proper stage chairs was finally settled by a loan of colonial chairs, from Mrs. John Lee. Barringer thanks all of these kind friends.

When we come to the question of the success of the presentation, it would be best to quote from the opinions of those who saw it.

(From a letter of William Hamilton Osborne, a well-known author of short stories and novels.)

With the wonderful combination of faculty dramatists and directors and student play-actors and stage-wrights that Barringer affords, you ought to establish a genuine Little Theatre in your high school and keep it going. There is, judged by results, a decidedly professional air about the whole bunch, from stage lighting to orchestra and back again. You not only have the goods; you know how to deliver them.

A Mrs. Sharman, of Winnipeg, Canada, who was inspirationally responsible for the putting on, and conception, of a Pilgrim pageant some of us gave down on Cape Cod this summer before a big outdoor audience, wrote about the preparation of the scenario as follows: "Those who worked over it were possessed of what may seem a heresy in pageantry. They had little faith in symbolism. Some of them had suffered boredom from symbolical pageants. They said to themselves: 'History is more interesting than symbolism, though harder to stage. We shall make the pageant historical, and try to make the history natural.' "

I have never seen a school pageant. My knowledge of pageants is limited. The minds of most of us have been prepared, from the pictures in the Sunday supplements, for this sort of thing: Uncle Sam, the Goddess of Liberty, a soldier and sailor in uniform. The Goddess says: I shall bring to you Miles Standish. (Enter Miles; resounding applause.) And I shall bring to you Priscilla and John Alden. (Tremendous enthusiasm.) Priscilla says: Speak for yourself, John. John, pointing with both hands to soldier and sailor, says: Give me Liberty or give me Death.

When we were invited to attend the preliminary performance at your school, we knew you wouldn't hand out anything of that kind, but we were wholly unprepared for what you did give us. From start to finish we got force and punch and real dramatic effect. Without drama in these things you cannot, as I see it, afford any real entertainment, and your performance was dramatic clear through. There was no let down, too—no drag. Your actors were on the job with their speeches without an instant's hesitation. Most of the time, but particularly in the last act (the educational scene composed of men) I forgot that they were actors. I lost myself in the force of what they said, and the force with which they said it.

You are to be congratulated, too, on compressing this performance within the usual time limit. I figured the thing would take three hours or more. A performance on the commercial stage is supposed to take about one hundred minutes of actual playing time, plus intermissions. Your performance was, I think, just about that length. There were no delays between acts in excess of the usual intermissions. This matter of time is, as you know, of the utmost importance. People will come once to a three-hour performance, but never again. How you kept inside of your time limit and yet crowded into it all that you did is a mystery to me. But you did it, and you did it in a simple, straightforward, easily understood way, without confusion at any time.

I mentioned what Mrs. Sharman of Winnipeg said about symbolism. You surmounted this difficulty with originality—at least it seemed original to me. Starting with the essence of discontent that spells Bolshevism, and making a drama, brief but to the point, out of that discouraged, broken soldier boy of alien parentage, was a corking idea. To have him on the stage all the time, reading his book and NOT looking at the actors, was another great idea—and much better than having him asleep. He did not distract attention from the argument. But he was there and we knew it, and we knew that it was eating into him as he read and as the actors played. This boy was fine—he read his lines with great force and with just the note of discontent that was needed. The other young soldier, the light-haired boy, made a startling contrast.

I got much satisfaction out of the first act, with Pastor Robinson and the seizure of the two men; and the last act, the educational scene, with the mental conflict, and the somewhat sinister, snarling fish man who objected to spending money on learning. * * *

The semi-Bolshevik-Anarchist make-up of Edward Doty and his companion in the second act furnished a fine background to their protest. * * *

My friend Mrs. Sharman of Winnipeg said something about our pageant that applies to yours. I quote her: "The thrill of the Pageant had got us all. It grew to be so much larger

than any of us had dreamed—much larger than the energy of any one promoter could have successfully directed alone. Indeed, its chief good fortune was that there were working for it people of greatly varied gifts, each willing to contribute his or her special ability. It was cooperation of talent which carried it through to success. To feel one's self part of something a great deal bigger than one's own capacity . . . is surely a foretaste of what the world will be when society learns the joy of good-natured cooperation."

We kotow to you, with your wood-wind music, your fine stage scenery, your Pilgrim banners, and all the other things. You have turned the trick. Turn some more like it in the future.

(A letter from Mr. Pickwick, Principal of the East Side High School.

January 6, 1921.

Mr. Wayland E. Stearns, Prin.,
Barringer High School,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Mr. Stearns:

I was unable to see you last night, after the performance, but I want you to know how much I appreciated it. The message and its presentation were so fine that I wish that every citizen of Newark could get it. I congratulate you and your people heartily.

Very truly yours,

ELI PICKWICK, JR.,
Principal.

(From the "Sunday Call" of January 9, 1921.)

Four very well presented scenes in the lives of the Pilgrims are made, through a prologue and an epilogue, the medium for teaching a profound lesson in Americanism, for restoring and strengthening one's faith in the eternal principles on which this nation is founded.

The piece is well worthy of presentation upon a hundred stages in many parts of the country where such inspiration as it gives is sadly needed. Barringer in all its history has never done anything more creditable than to create and produce this pageant-drama.

Aurela Laushe—When is a man not a man?

Peg Bailey—I don't know. When?

Aurela Laushe—When he turns into a corner saloon.

A RESUME OF THE PILGRIM PAGEANT.

"A look backward, that we may look forward."

Prologue.

The scene is laid in a home in America. The parents are foreign-born. The time is the present. It is the day of the funeral of the younger son of the family, whose service of his country in the Great War cost him his life. The only remaining son, shattered in body by his war experiences, has lost confidence in America, and in the goodness of life. In his depression, there are two that bring him a message: one is the comrade of his dead brother, who recalls that brother's steady faith; the other is his sister, who puts into his hands a book telling the story of the Pilgrims. As he reads, the Spirit of those early Americans appears to him; and, in four scenes, reveals to the doubting youth the four ideals that guided the founders of America, assuring the Doubter that, in these four great principles, lies the answer to the problems of to-day.

Sister ..... Ruth Crogan
Brother ..... Charles Bradley
Father ..... Raphael Vogel
Mother ..... Rebecca Siegel
Friend ..... Wesley Hageman
Pilgrim ..... Charles Caddock

"They builded four-square."

Scene I—Religion.

"God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come."

1608.

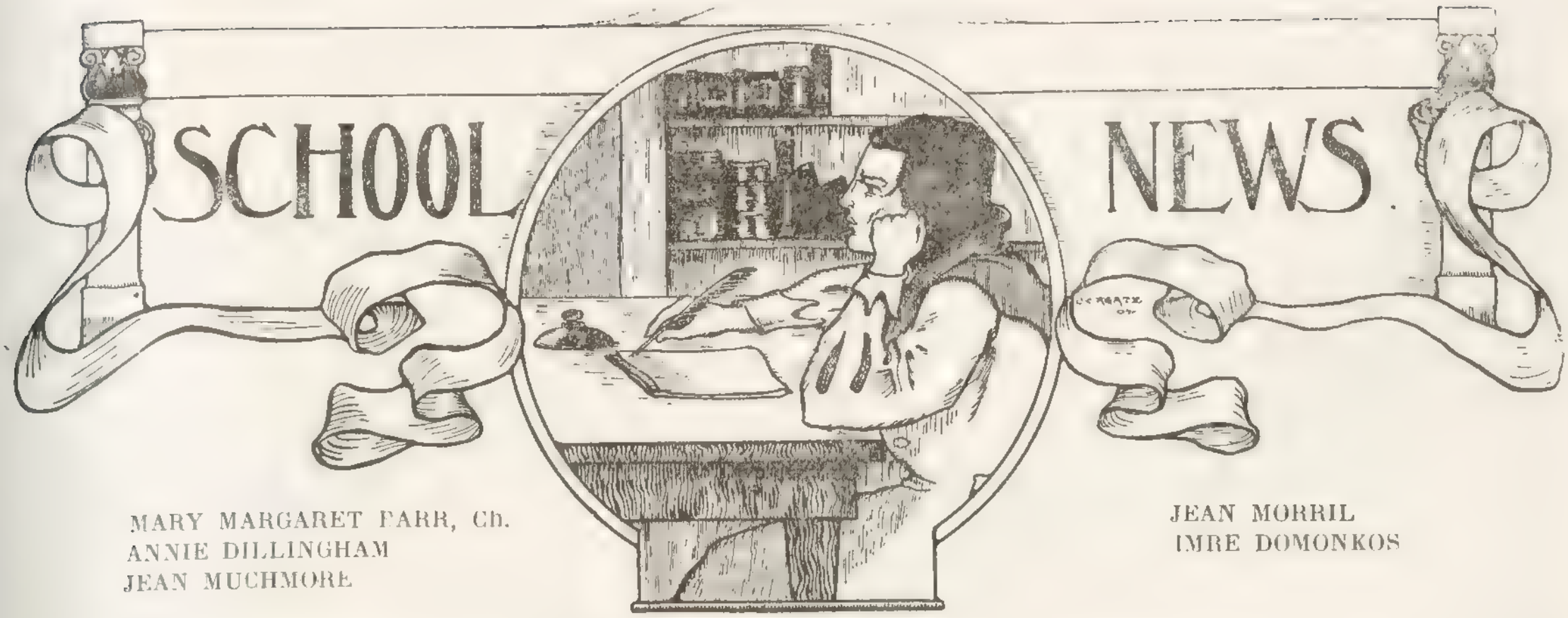
In the home of William Brewster, near Scrooby, England, gathers a company of Separatists from the Church of England. They are interrupted by the King's officers. They make a momentous decision.

Mary Brewster ..... Kathryn Elkins
Katherine Carver ..... Margaret Muller
John Carver ..... Walter Davis
Patience Carver ..... Vernice Chenowith
Grace Wood ..... Eleanor Reynolds
Henry Wood ..... John Wiebe
John Wood ..... Boylan Fitzgerald
Richard Clifton ..... Barry Casner
Pastor Robinson ..... Carl Wieland
First Officer ..... Harlan De Voe
Second Officer ..... Anselm Martucci
Old Roger ..... Peter Rosamilia
John Rigdale ..... Marcus Block
Isaac Allerton ..... William Perry
John Winslow ..... Howard Kent
A Puritan ..... John Paul Jones
Domestics.

Scene II—Law.

"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world."

Continued on Page Twenty-seven.



MARY MARGARET FARR, Ch.
ANNIE DILLINGHAM
JEAN MUCHMORE

JEAN MORRIL
IMRE DOMONKOS

THE ROSTRUM.

The first meeting of the Rostrum this term was held on December 7, 1920, in Room 60.

Mr. Pfaltz, a Barringer alumnus and Rutgers undergraduate, spoke to the members. He discussed two points: First—Why take up debating? Second—Why Join the Interscholastic Debating League?

Members of every high school interested in the League will meet on January 8, 1921, at Rutgers College in New Brunswick. At this meeting men of prominence will speak and debates will be arranged by the representatives of the high schools. The schools will be arranged in groups of four. The champion of the four will receive a trophy.

The January meeting was called to order on Wednesday, January 5, by Mr. Haggett. The following officers were then elected: President, Fred Frost; Vice-president, George Haight; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Hoffman.

The temporary chairman appointed Mr. Haggett, Domonkos, and Vogel as judges for the debate, "Resolved: That the principle of the open shop be established in American Industry."

The order of the debate was as follows:
Affirmative—Harold Davis.
Negative—Arthur Adelmann.
Affirmative—Miss Hoffman.
Negative—Sidney Blumberg.
Affirmative—Abe Hockberg.
Negative—Miss Beyers.
Rebuttal for the Negative—Sidney Blumberg.
Rebuttal for the Affirmative—Harold Davis.

Mr. Haggett as chairman of the board of judges, announced that their decisions were unanimously in favor of the affirmative. He said that although the question was a very difficult one for debate, it was handled very well.

The question, "Resolved: That the U. S. Government should enact a rigid Japanese Exclusion Law," was chosen as the subject for debate on Wednesday, January 19. Elsky, Resnick, and Sichel are to be on the affirmative and Boxer, Domonkos, and Wolfe on the Negative.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

On December 14, Mr. Farmer, an engineer from the Klaxon Horn Company, spoke on Sound Signaling Devices. He first spoke about the bell, the most familiar and most commonly used signaling device. The bell is not as simple to make as an average person would imagine. To illustrate, he said that a bell was cast in a Canadian town. When the bell was struck, it did not give a musical sound. A man was called from a noted New England bell manufacturing company to examine it. After he examined the bell, he ordered the bell to be set aside for a year. When the year was over, the bell gave a perfect musical sound when struck. This shows that the properties of the material had to be understood. In like manner, the sound laws have to be known when other sound signaling devices are designed.

Mr. Farmer said that this branch of science has not received as much attention as light has, in the past years, but the large factories and cities have increased the interest in sound signaling, and so scientists are now making investigations along this line also.

After the lecture, upon Mr. Noll's motion, the members of the Science Club tendered Mr. Farmer a vote of thanks and appreciation for his lecture.

THE BIRD CLUB.

The Barringer Bird Club held a meeting in Room 91 on December 9, 1920. Mr. Haulenbeek asked the members to take an interest in the Christmas Bird Census. He read the conditions under which a list may be sent to Bird Lore for publication. Monday, December 27, 1920, was set as the day for the census. John Mears asked the club to consider outside speakers, but due to the cost of such a lecture, his proposal had to be rejected.

Graham Roskein was elected treasurer, to collect dues for the Audubon Society.

The program of the day was as follows:
The Migration of Birds—Miss Crowe.
Bird Music—Miss Benjamin.
The Petition of the Birds—Mr. Haulenbeek.

4A CLASS NOTES.

The Senior A Class meeting for December was held on the 8th of that month. The meeting was called to order by the president at 3:10. Having previously decided to have a banquet for class day, the class again discussed this subject. The banquet committee is as follows: Stanley Doremus, Aaron Van Poznak, Margaret Bailey, Harry Haussling, Anna Johnston, and Raphael Vogel. At a later special meeting it was decided to have the banquet at the St. Francis Hotel. The class song, written by Howard Kent, was formally adopted. The meeting adjourned at 3:30.

4B SCHOOL NEWS.

The December meeting of the 4B Class was held in the Science lecture room on the 13th. It was opened by the vice-president, but was later turned over to the president. The report of the year-book committee, which has been working hard to gather data in the hope that the class of June, '21, may have a year-book, was given. The prospect of our having one looks brighter and we sincerely hope to put it over. The suggestion was also made that a sum of money be given for the rebuilding of the old schools and universities of Europe. The class took up this suggestion with its usual good spirit and it was finally decided that a fund should be established to which voluntary contributions might be made. A Students' Relief Committee was appointed to take care of the money. The meeting adjourned at 4:00 o'clock.

4B DANCE.

Were you at the 4B dance? No? Well, you missed it! Fun? I'll tell the world, and to judge from others who were there, they thought so, too. Everybody was out for a good time and certainly got it. The orchestra was fine, full of pep 'n everything, but then, they were members of our own class, so that accounts for it. Punch and cake were served and at 5:30 all went home feeling that they had had their money's worth of pleasure.

SERVICE CLUB.

The Service Club of Barringer has celebrated its second anniversary.

On Wednesday, December 8, the Barringer Club entertained the officers of the Central and East Side Service Clubs. A playlet was presented and then two interesting talks were given. During the social hour candied apples were served as refreshments.

The Service Girls are continuing their work for the blind and for the crippled children. Many dolls have been dressed for the poor children's Christmas. Lots of goodies were given for the youngsters' stockings.

GIRLS' LEAGUE.

The December meeting of the Girls' League was held on Friday, December 17, at 1:10. It was a very short meeting. After the usual reports, the girls were led in a few cheers by the new cheer-leaders—Irene Ramsey, Mildred Cohen, Margaret Durand, and Betty Gray. After the singing of the League Song, the meeting adjourned at 1:30.

3B CLASS MEETING.

The organization meeting of the 3B Class was held on Monday, December 13, in the Science Lecture Room. The election of officers was held. The results of the election were as follows: President, George Haight; Vice-president, Frances Clark; Secretary, Helen Stevens, and Treasurer, Henry Matelene; sergeant-at-arms, Jerry Martin. Mr. Hart is Class Adviser.

2A CLASS.

The 2A Class has reorganized and the following officers were elected: President, Wesley Hagerman; Vice-president, Franklin Chattin; Secretary, Ruth Robbins; Treasurer, Frank Busse.

And in the new year they have planned to have several festivities which they hope everybody in Barringer will enjoy.

THE ITALIAN CLUB.

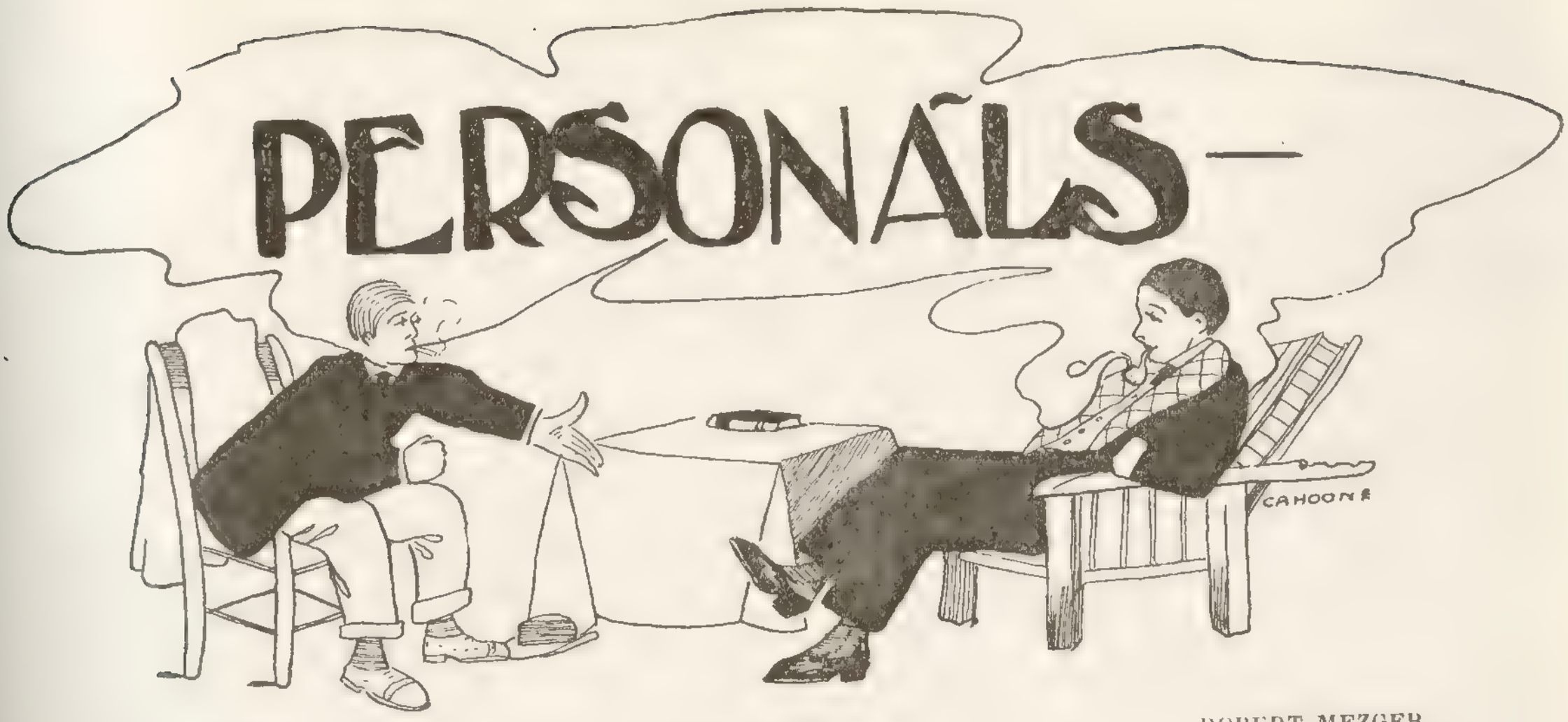
At the November meeting of the Italian Club, committees for the dance were appointed and invitations for the parents of the club members to be present were issued.

The club had long been discussing some method of benefiting the school with the proceeds of the play given last term. A motion was put and carried at this meeting to give Miss Mancusi-Ungaro power to use $100 for the furnishing of an alcove in the school building with literature and works of art appropriate to its description. "Italian Alcove."

The December meeting of the Italian Club was held in the Science Lecture Room on Friday, the 10th. A large attendance made the meeting very interesting. The treasurer reported the membership is at present 131 members, which shows the growth of the club. Last term there were 80 members, the previous term 40.

Anselm Martucci, one of the councilors, presided, and exhorted the club members to hold to their ideals, and to make their friends and their school proud of them. He spoke, also, of the value of the study of the Italian language

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.



ANNIE BISHOP, Ch.
SAM CHASALOW

RUTH CROGAN
CATHERINE WILLIAMS

ROBERT MEZGER
KATHERINE ELKINS

I'M A WISE GUY SAYS:

What a fortunate thing it is that cards are not given out before Christmas! Then how empty would sound those words, "Merry Christmas," how void "Happy New Year," when uttered by our well-wishing teachers!

Never judge a man by the silk umbrella he carries; he may have left a cotton one in its place.

For a week after Christmas, all the fellows were wearing good-looking neckties.

A shoemaker has been divorced six times. Evidently he couldn't stick to his last.

Silence is said to be safe—yet a great deal of trouble comes from the still.

People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

When Cupid hits the mark, he generally Mrs. it.

Strange, isn't it, that night falls and never breaks, and day breaks and never falls.

The Philippine Assembly recently passed a law that all men must wear trousers and an appropriation was set aside to buy pants for those unable to do so.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Barringer's ping-pong team will start practice in the gymnasium boiler-room this week. Requirements for eligibility are a screw loose in the dome and purple sox.

Ray—What's the difference between vision and sight?

Anne—Call a girl a vision and she'll smile at you. But call her a sight and you'll soon find out.

Lottie—He wore my picture over his heart and it stopped the bullet.

Sottie—I don't wonder. It would stop most anything.—The Crescent.

Now that it's winter again, Howard Kent has once more donned his spats.

The new year brings strange resolutions. Lew Westreich has resolved to waste no more money on Marcells. Won't he look awful with straight hair?

Fish Albrecht's passion for green socks seems to have passed. He now wears hose of soberer colors.

She—There's the bell. Probably another caller.

He—Well' there's such a thing as not being at home.

She (suggestively)—Yes, and there's such a thing as being engaged.

Math Teacher (to girl stude who is reciting at the board)—Your figure is not very good.

Stude—It's none of your business.

La Far recited twice last Thursday!

Weiland, private detective for Barringer, has informed one of our reporters that his bureau is considering transferring him to another division in the state some time in February. If this is straight his loss will be great to the school and will be felt by every student, especially the girls.

NOTICE.

The De Voe and Frost Detecting Agency wishes to announce to their many clients that Wieland does not work for them.—Adv.

Van says: "Be like the mule—have a surprise for everybody."

Haight is coming up in society. He was seen in the sanctum last week.

Chadsey says it's a great life. He says the pretty girls all look at him.

"Poor sand," grumbled Lester, as he gobbled the egg-wich.

Due to the great number of students who have not yet seen Thobiason wearing his derby hat, the "Dev and Faf Exhibition Co." have arranged to exhibit him in the sanctum on next Thursday at 3:05 o'clock, at which time he will be present with his famous lid.

Gansler reads THE ACROPOLIS every month. He likes it very much, but thinks it would be better if his name appeared more often.

Knowlton Read is now receiving congratulations for the great civic improvement which occurred when he had his hair cut. In the interests of the school, there are several other fellows who might follow Read's noble and glorious example.

The following persons were the recipients of these gifts at Christmas:
Dot Stone—Stilts.
Blanche Nixon—Book of popular "Hims."
La Far—Pepper Box.
Betty Gray—Rattle and rubber ring.
De Voe—Muffler.
Isabel Towne—A policeman's whistle to announce her presence.
Estelle Riordan—A sounding-board.
Chadsey—Box of beauty-spots.
Casner—Maxim Silencer.

Lew West—You know, you've got an awfully kind face?
Blumberg—Yes?
Lew—Yes! An awfully funny kind of a face.

THE GODS AND GODDESSES OF BARRINGER.

Jupiter—Mr. Stearns.
Hercules—Mr. Prichard
Diana—Miss Romer.
Minerva—Miss Coult.
Venus—Miss Zangler.
Mars—Mr. Snavely.
Cupid—Mr. Milwitsky.

Little drops of water,
Freezing as they fall;
Fat man's feet fly upward,
Biff!—and that is all.

Eitel—Ma, can I go out and play football?
Mrs. Eitel—What! With those big holes in your pants?
Fred—No, with the boys across the street.

HEARD IN THE LUNCHROOM.

First Stude—Gee, I get the same thing down here every day.
Second Stude—Yes? What? Soup?
First Stude—No. indigestion.

STILL IS RIGHT.

Miss Darnell (to school)—Your singing is very good, but I think you can do better still.

Teacher (to student reciting)—That's enough.
Student (not hearing, continues reciting)—You be quiet until you're asked.

In Physics.—The boiling point of water on the Centipede theremometer is 100 degrees.

Caddock—Do you want to hear something great?
Ryerson—Sure!
Charlie—Rub two bricks together.

LIFE!

Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain,
Just a little happiness,
Just a little pain,
Just a little poverty,
Just a little gold,—
Then the great eventful
Tale of life is told.

Anna—Do you think there is any danger in going up in a balloon?
Gerty—Not half as much as in coming down.

Margaret Durand—Well, Vogel, what success did you have in getting ads to-day?
Vogel—I got two orders in one place.
M. D.—Good. What were they?
Vogel—One to go out and the other to stay out!

He—Of course, you understand, dear, that our engagement must be kept a secret.
She—Oh! yes, I'll tell every one that.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS.

Where does the mind go when it stops flowing?
Why doesn't night get hurt when it falls?
Why doesn't day make a noise when it breaks?
Will the sea ever get tired waving?
Where does your fist go when you open your hand?
Where does a hole go when you fill it?

IN PHYSICS.

Mr. Saylor—Which travels faster, heat or cold?
Miss Crogan—Heat.
Mr. Saylor—Why?
Miss Crogan—Because any one can catch cold.

Frost (to Maggie)—Look here, Maggie, if you're looking for something soft, feel the top of your head.

IN 1B SCIENCE.

Miss Romer—Who can tell me what an oyster is?
Freshie—I know—I can tell, teacher.
Miss R.—Well, Jimmy, you may tell us what an oyster is.
1B (triumphantly)—An oyster is a fish built like a nut.

Dues—You'd be a good dancer but for two things.
???—What's that?
Dues—Your feet.

Mother—Son, did you get the splinter out of your finger?
Son—Yes, with a pin.
Mother—Don't you known that's dangerous?
Son—Well, I used a safety pin.

There was a young fellow named Stevens,
From apples he left no leavin's;
When he finished the core,
He still asked for more,
This hungry young fellow called Stevens.

Mr. Hart (in history class)—Tell me something of very great importance that did not exist a hundred years ago.
R. M. L.—Me.

Admirer—Don't you think she has beautiful teeth?
B. (sweetly)—Yes, they are like the stars in the heavens, out every night.

Some time in life's race a girl has to reach her last lap.

HEARD ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

Miss Hill (to Byrne)—Come back here you blackheaded boy.

Tarras—Pa, one of the fellows said I looked like you.
Pa—Yes? And what did you say?
Tarr—Nothing. He was a lot bigger than me.

Chasalow—Hold your tongue, Lew.
Lew—Can't; it's too slippery.

Ethel R.—What did you get for Christmas from your father?
Sylvia R.—I got some Irish diamonds.
Ethel R.—What are they like?
Sylvia—Sham-rocks.

Boxer—Have you copied your algebra yet?
Pechenik—I wouldn't think of copying.
Boxer—No. You'd copy without thinking.

Feldman and Mankowitz have recently been given the position of class clowns by Mr. Ellis for the new year.

Why was I born with the name Georgette.
Miriam H.—Oh! I know, I can see through that.

Mr. King—My dear madam, it seems to me that your son is full of idiosyncrasies since he came home from the army.
Mother—I don't see how you came to that conclusion. He was supposed to get rid of them before he came home, and I've looked through his clothes without finding a sign of them.

Teacher—Now, you go straight home.
1B—I can't.
Teacher—Why not?
Freshie—I live around a corner.

Teacher—In what meter is this verse written?
A—Gas.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF—

Mary Margaret should flunk?
Charlie Gansler should keep quiet?
Mr. Saylor was a grouch?
All the 4A's should pass?
Carl Chadsey wasn't a knockout with the ladies?
Everybody bought an ACROPOLIS?
Miss Darnell played jazz music?
Board meetings were dull?
Everybody were satisfied with THE ACROPOLIS?

We hope that before the present 4A class departs this gray world of learning, they will impart certain coveted secrets to their successors.

Will Carpenter disclose the secret of his haircomb?

Will Fuzzy Taylor disclose the name of her toothpaste?

Will Marguerite Rusby teach us that glide?

Will Victor Schorr teach us how to bluff?

All donations will be gratefully received.

Eng. Teacher—"Level" and "flat" mean the same thing. Can any one use them correctly in a sentence?

Bright 1B—On the level, you can't get a flat anywhere.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. Barr—I hereby resolve that I shall not go to the barber more than once a week.

Mr. Taylor—I hereby resolve that I won't flunk more than one-half my classes.

Mr. Ellis—I hereby resolve that I will spend my Christmas holidays writing notes to parents of those in my 4B algebra class.

Miss Coult—I hereby resolve that I will remove Chasalow from the girls' section of my class.

Mr. Johnson—Every one in my trig and advanced algebra classes must pass, even if I give them ten exams.

I love to watch
The little birds
As they flit from tree to tree.
How much more gracefully they fly,
Than you or I or we!

Barber—Your hair's very thin on top, sir.

Patron—Ah, that is good. I hate fat hair.

A PUZZLER.

"Pa."

"Yes, Willie."

"Pa, how is it my hair has grown longer than yours; when yours has grown longer than mine?"

Freshie—How long can you live without brains?

Haight—I don't know. How old are you?

The rich man in his years of toil
Burned barrels and barrels of midnight oil;
His heirs now keep his memory green
By burning midnight gasoline.

May Van Duyne—How do mediums talk to the dead?

Charlie—I guess they use Latin.

May—Why?

Caddock—They have to use a dead language.

Mary had a little lamp,
All filled with kerosene.
She took it once to light a fire.
Since then, she's not benzine.

Eleanor—Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?

Dot B.—I don't know? Why?

Nell—Well, I read a book and it says that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest.

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone.
But the best way to meter
Is to meter alone.

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best way to letter,
Is to letter alone.

Mr. Saylor—What is the unit of electrical energy?

Perry—What?

Mr. Saylor—Correct you are.

Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your courage fade,
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemon aid.

Waiter—How did you find the steak, sir?

Fred—Oh, I just turned over the potato, and there it was.

Wife—I read in the paper of a case in which a man ran away with a woman. I would like to see a man run away with me.

Husband—So would I.

BROADWAY SHOWS IN BARRINGER.

"The Charm School"—Barringer.
"The First Year"—One Bees.
"The Storm"—The rush for the lunchroom.
"Ziegfeld Follies"—Girls' gym classes.
"Shavings"—The Shop.
"Call the Doctor"—"Sick Slips."

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

Gert—Say, didjever try a Boston Cooler?

Sam—Naw; none of them highbrow jails on my list.

If Sichel keeps up his New Year's resolve not to argue with the teachers, the people in his classes will have to begin to study. Never mind, though, there'll still be Blumberg.

Ray Bauchelle's resolution is not to push small boys around. He may grow up yet.

De Voe—My coffee is nothing but mud.
Waiter—Well, it was ground this morning.

We editors may dig and toil
Till our finger-tips are sore;
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."

IN 75.

Teacher—The way to take your pulse, is to first borrow a second-hand watch.

Stude (looking out of window)—Oh, look at the squirrel!
Teacher—He certainly knows where to find the nuts, doesn't he?

Mrs. A—Too bad Mrs. Smith always has such awful weather for her teas.
Mrs. B—Yes, she never pours but it rains.

Jean—We're in a pickle in this jam.
Ruth—Heaven preserve us.

Miss Price—Society is so shallow.
Miss Romer—Well, it has to be shallow, or most of the people wading around in it would be drowned.

Take heart, fellow students. Hyman is improving. Did you notice how fast he recited that history the other day?

Student: In esse.
Mr. King: Do you mean into a bee hive?
Student: No.
Mr. King: Bee hive is generally ablative of place from which.

Mr. King: Did you deliver my message to Mr. Stearns?
Miller: No sir.
Mr. King: Then why didn't you wait as I told you to?
Jean: There was a sign on the door "return immediately," so I did.

He—Je t' adore.
She—Shut it yourself.

Albrecht—I'll examine you carefully for five dollars.
Bauchelle—All right. And if you find it I'll go fifty-fifty with you.

A man may know his own mind and still not know very much.

ON AN OCEAN LINER.

Smith—Going across, old chap?
Brown—Yes; are you?

Fred Frost has made a New Year's resolve to adhere to a strict diet. We wonder how long it will last.

Steve has decided to drop his attempts at killing. It's altogether too strenuous.

And Norton Rodman has resolved to let his curls grow again.

Manager—Why are you making those funny motions before you begin to sing?
Young Lady—It says here, "Vamp till ready."

Mother Dear—Do your new shoes hurt?
Brother Dear—No, but my feet do.

STRANGE.

Alice—"I've had twelve proposals since last week. I can't understand it."
Her Brother—Cinch. They all happened after Dad had shown the volunteer victims the cellar, didn't they?

Andrew Jackson—This yere hash certainly am what you would call Cosmopolitan. It done got all kinds in it.
George Washington—Cosmopolitan, nuthin'. Dat hash am Review of Reviews.

You can always tell a senior, he's so sedately gowned;
You can always tell a junior by the way he hops around;
You can always tell a freshman by his timid looks and such—
You can always tell a sophomore, but you cannot tell him much.

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ONE BEYOND HIM.

"What a wonderful linguist that man is. Is there any tongue he hasn't mastered?"
"Yes, his wife's."

BITING.

"My," exclaimed Mr. Klumsay at the Senior Dance, "this floor's awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet."
"Oh," replied the fair partner, sarcastically, "then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was purely accidental."

Minister—Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?
Miss Ala Mode—I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox trot?

Jack—Why do you always play hymns on your piano?
Jill—Well, it's an upright piano.

ATHLETICS

WALLACE FERN LEW WESTREICH, Ch. ED. STEVENS

"B" MEN.

Capt. "Addy" Poland
"Moish" Tartasky
"Squirt" Thum
"Irish" Westreich
"Hammy" McArthur
"Erin" Van Poznak
"Aloysius" Byrne
"Smoke" Woerner
"John" Olwine
"Gas" Thobieson
"Fat" Eitel
"Stretch" Stevens
"Brother" Haney
"Pete" Doremus
"Cuckoo" Smith
"Rainbow" Dobbins
"Wop" Malanga
"Thatch" Ayres
"Miller" Lester
"Bologne" Avallone
"Lazy" Miller, manager

REVIEW OF FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1920.

When Coach Pritchard took hold of the reins and so willingly consented to teach football to a band of green men, without a doubt he had the team of 1921 in mind. For what coach, no matter how optimistic, could hope to build a football machine that could cope with the calibre of teams we play, with a nucleus of one letter man left of a State Championship Team? It isn't hard to realize the immensity of the undertaking! Should any one person have to be pointed at for the phenomenal success which the team of 1920 had—Coach Pritchard would be the unanimous choice without question. The only varsity man left was no other than Capt. "Ad" Poland, and with him about forty candidates responded to the call.

After weeks of hard work which rounded the men out, Coach Pritchard brought the rudiments of the game to the men, and aimed to pick eleven of the best in the squad. The team was pushed along rather slowly, and when the first game with Lincoln was ready to be played, the boys knew about seven plays. A team can win a football game with seven plays, if eleven men know their assignments and are quick to carry those assignments out letter-perfect. That week before the first game must have been discouraging, for the men in the backfield just couldn't get used to holding the ball. However, the day for the initial contest rolled around and one bright Saturday afternoon found a squad of Barringer players and rooters bound for "Joisey City" to meet Lincoln.

The game afforded the Coach a fine chance to see what his team could do under fire. What they showed that day was a tendency to fumble, an inclination to fight, within the law, though, and a 21—0 victory over Lincoln. Not so bad. So strong was the tendency to fumble, that at time it seemed that the idea of the game was to see which team could fumble the most. With all due credit to Lincoln, the writer must call it a draw, in this respect only. The second engagement brought the crew to Passaic, when the blue and white duplicated the victory of the previous week. The Passaic team took a 23—0 lacing in their first game of their schedule, and they ought to thank their lucky stars for that. As in the Lincoln game, fumbling was the most noticeable thing about the Barringer outfit. The score might have been doubled if our boys had played football as it should be played. Coach Pritchard couldn't teach much football to a bunch that couldn't handle a ball properly—so the week previous to the Phillipsburg contest was mainly spent in teaching the men how to carry a ball. In the meantime, from over Phillipsburg way, a squad of huskies were looking forward to the Barringer game with blood in their eyes. In less time than it takes to tell it the day for the battle came 'round. After four quarters of that "fight" which always characterizes real rivalry the score board told the tale of battle—Barringer 6, Phillipsburg 6. Still persistent fumbling hung heavy over the Barringer camp. Little resistance was expected from Central, the next outfit on schedule—but in football surprises are common and any stunt which seems impossible when figured out on paper can come about on the field. Here was just another example. Some say overconfidence caused the upset. What could have caused overconfidence? Certainly it wasn't the ragged victories over Lincoln and Passaic—and most assuredly it couldn't have been the tie with Phillipsburg. "Tennyrate," with the score 13—7 against us, and with the ball within scoring distance, the screech of the timer's whistle stopped the game, and for the first time in history Central lowered the colors of Barringer. After this contest the team found itself and a fighting determination was instilled in the hearts of the entire squad. The following Saturday found the team leaving Newark for Lawrenceville. And as one of our dailies put it, "Barringer was about to get her annual football lesson." But, lo! and behold!!! instead of taking one, she gave a real football lesson to Lawrenceville. Such a display of fight as our war-

riors showed in the prep. school game has been seldom seen in these parts. The score doesn't show anything but a point difference—but you had to witness that battle to appreciate what a gruelling game it was. The game was anybody's until the whistle blew—then it was Barringer's. So I say the team had found itself and Barringer had defeated Lawrenceville 3—2. Sounds like the National Pastime was played in football weather, eh? wot?? The next game was a N. J. I. A. A. League game with Montclair. The mountaineers came down with a squad of fine football players and Barringer was in for a tussle. Montclair was strong enough to beat East Orange in a league game by a 26—0 score—but Barringer was a little too strong, for she sent Montclair back to the mountains lugging a 10—0 defeat. But a battle it was!!! Starting with this Montclair game, the rest of the schedule was made up of league games—either Newark High School or New Jersey Interscholastic. All of which means that the team had to perform at top speed without a let-up. We next ran head-on into South Side and sent them back to the Johnson Avenue School with a 28—6 lacing. The next Saturday afternoon we met Dickinson. Here everybody ran wild and touchdowns came easy. The game ended with Barringer the victor by a 45—0 score. East Side was next in line for a beating and she got it in the form of a package containing a 20—0 defeat. Then finally came the day when Coach Pritchard announced that his work for the season was completed—and the team wearing the Barringer blue was to lock horns with that scrappy bunch from East Orange. Ever know of a time when the annual tussle was played on anything but a muddy field? Well, this Thanksgiving was not an exception. Barringer, due to her better record, went into the game a favorite. But it seems that certain newspaper reporters have not yet learned that in a Barringer-East Orange game, precedent, records and other such trifles do not count a-tall!! It's anybody's game till the final whistle blows. Again in 1920 this time-worn story had to be proved. Barringer drew first blood and scored a touchdown in the first half. The second half started with a crash—both teams fighting tooth and nail for every inch. A pretty forward pass gave E. O. her touchdown—and the score read 7—7. We won't discuss the chances or opportunities Barringer had to win this game—but the battle ended with the teams deadlocked 7—7, and every one except the members of the teams went home to a turkey dinner, well satisfied and repaid. In such a manner did the season of 1920 close a success. For the patching-together of such a combination out of green men, Coach Pritchard should be thanked and remembered. The squad fought with him nobly. With a fine nucleus for next year's team, Coach Pritchard should put as scrappy a team as Barringer has ever had on the field—and should be in the running when State Championship is discussed. Kurt Thum, our regular center, will captain the team in 1921. Here's luck, Thum—keep 'em fighting until after Thanksgiving Day!!

RESULTS.

Lincoln	0	Barringer	21
Passaic	0	"	23
Phillipsburg	6	"	6
*Central	13	"	7
Lawrenceville	2	"	3
†Montclair	0	"	10
*South Side	6	"	28
†Dickinson	0	"	45
*East Side	0	"	20
†East Orange	7	"	7
Opponents	34	Barringer	170

*N. H. S. L.
†N. J. I. A. A.

N. J. I. A. A.

		G.P.	W.	L.	T.
1	Barringer	3	2	0	1
2.	Montclair	3	2	1	0
3	East Orange	3	1	1	1
4.	Dickinson	3	0	3	0

N. H. S. A. A.

		G.P.	W.	L.	T.
1	Central	3	3	0	0
2.	Barringer	3	2	1	0
3.	East Side	3	1	2	0
4.	South Side	3	0	3	0

SPORT SCRIBBLINGS.

By Lew Westreich.

The faithful scrub!!! What an abused personage he is!! Yet it seems that only the coach and the players in line for the varsity appreciate the splendid work done by these men, who are set up as dummies for any kind of a play, who are buffeted and knocked around for a season or two, and never so much as show a sign of weariness, or allow a whimper to be heard. Without these men, without their enthusiasm and "pep," we would undoubtedly be without a team. So, cheer leaders, when you're calling the rounds for varsity, remember the element that makes varsity possible, and give a good yell for "Scrubs."

All you men who are prospects for our 1921 football team must begin playing the game in the classroom now!! What could be more exasperating to a football coach, than to lose football games in the classroom, or for a track coach to lose his meet that way, or for a baseball coach to lose a game that way? So, if you have the "makings" of a Barringer football man in you, you'll begin fighting for eligibility NOW!!

FLORENCE TAYLOR, Ch.

"The Polymnian"—We always consider your paper to be one of our best exchanges. The editorials of the November issue are very timely, the stories are amateurish, and the jokes are conspicuous by their absence. As usual, both the Exchange and Alumni Notes are good.

"The Magpie"—You have a most attractive cover which shows that you believe in making a good appearance. Illustrated stories—that's almost too much to hope to find in a high school paper! We'll surely back you, "Magpie," in doing away with "stock phrases" in the exchange comments. With that in mind, let us say that you surely deserve credit in getting out such a dandy publication. Isn't that a real compliment?

"The Vincentian"—It's too bad we have to wait so long for your next publication, so you see we certainly enjoyed the Autumn number. There are few criticisms, still we might suggest that you have fewer stories and have them longer. You must have a most energetic advertising manager, judging from the numerous ads.

"The Optimist"—We find your paper right up to its high standard. The Literary department is especially good. Instead of devoting so much space to Alumni Notes, why not enlarge your Exchanges by commenting on the various publications? It hardly seems necessary to scatter the jokes through all the pages of ads.

"The Reflector"—"School Spirit," a fine editorial! Though the publication of a rural school, you're right there with the goods. "Reflections" and "Exchanges" seem to be the weakest departments. Why not have those persons "artistically inclined" draw a few good headings? They always add to the appearance of a paper.

"High School Journal"—Another fine editorial on "School Spirit." It is hoped that others than the exchange editors will read and profit by such articles. You have real literary talent on your staff, so judge we from the stories, which are most interesting. As for your great number of jokes, it would seem as if you were competing with "Life."

"Sunrise," Erie, Pa.—Your magazine is neatly printed and contains several very instructive articles. Some clever personals and a few more up-to-date jokes would improve it greatly.

"Crescent," Clinton, N. J.—You have an interesting paper. The class notes are humorous and amusing. The whole magazine seems to be nicely gotten out.

"Barb," De Kalb, Ill.—Yours is a very compact and readable paper, but we suggest improving the "set-up" of the story titles. The literature department seems to be especially good this month.

"Shucis," Schenectady, N. Y.—Your magazine contains some clever stories and jokes. The scheme of prizes for the best stories and jokes ought to bring some good results.

"The Idea," Somerset, Ky.—Your newspaper publishes the current school news in a very readable form. It is of convenient size to handle, and is well set up.

"Distaff," Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.—Your paper is a credit to the school. It is well written and interesting. Some of the short stories are especially clever. A little more humor in the way of personals would be an improvement.

THE ACROPOLIS introduces a new feature in this issue. We believe that Barringer students would like to know how things are done in other schools. Therefore, we present some interesting facts about our neighbors.—Ed.

Middletown Township High School has a new course for senior girls. This is a Library Course under the direction of a trained librarian. The girls meet one period a week for instruction. One lesson was on filing and cataloguing. Although not all the girls intend to become librarians, they find the course very helpful in their other work.

Many of our girls enjoy work in our library. Might not such a course in Barringer prove popular?

The Student Council of East Orange has adopted some wise club restrictions. One limits the number of organizations to which a student may belong to two or three, with a few exceptions. Another restriction requires satisfactory work in at least two subjects.

The Student Council believes these restrictions just, for they claim that no student can do his best for any club if he is in several which naturally divide his attention. Another argument is that attendance at meetings detracts from a student's study time and as a result he falls down in his school work.

De Witt Clinton High School has an Employment Bureau which secures part-time positions for many boys who would have to leave school otherwise. The Bureau also keeps track of the way the boy does his work.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"The Tiger"—Princeton University, N. J.
"Yale Alumni Weekly"—New Haven, Conn.
"Syracuse Daily Orange"—Syracuse, N. Y.
"Tech News"—Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Mass.
"Wesleyan Argus"—Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.
"Alleyman"—Dulwich College, S. E.
"Columbia Spectator"—Columbia University, N. Y
"Polymnian"—Newark Academy, N. J.
"Optimist"—South Side H. S., Newark, N. J.
"Peddie News"—Hightstown, N. J.
"The Torch"—Valparaiso H. S., Indiana.
"Sunrise"—East H. S., Erie, Pa.
"Lehigh"—"Brown and White"—Bethlehem, Pa.
"The Review"—Passaic H. S., N. J.
"Stetson Oracle"—Randolph, Mass.
"Shucis"—Schenectady H. S., N. Y.
"The Torch"—Doylestown, Pa.
"Vincentian"—St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.
"Magpie"—DeWitt Clinton H. S., New York.
"Parnassian"—Passaic H. S., N. J.
"The Barb"—De Kalb Township H. S., Illinois.
"Somerset Idea"—Somerset H. S., Kentucky.
"Lemulac"—Hammond Industrial H. S., Indiana.
"The Crescent"—Clinton H. S., N. J.
"The Distaff"—Girls' High, Boston, Mass.
"The Journal"—Wilkes-Barre H. S., Pa.
"The Reflector"—Middletown High, Leonardo, N. J.
"Speed-Up"—Newark Bay Shipyards, N. J.
"Office Topics"—Baker Printing Co., Newark, N. J.
"The Aster"—Craven's, Newark, N. J.
"The Pineneedle"—Lakewood H. S., N. J.
"The Old School Red and Black"—Bethlehem Prep., Pa.
"Central Hi Review"—Central H. S., Xenia, Ohio.
"The Bulletin"—University of Rochester, N. Y.
"Nassau Literary Magazine"—Princeton University, N. J.
"New Jersey Agriculture"—Rutgers, State University, N. J.
"Brown Aluni Monthly"—Providence, R. I.
"Hotchkiss Literary Monthly"—Lakeville, Conn.

HONOR ROLL FOR DECEMBER.

Continued from Page Five.

Room 85. Mildred Priluker, Anna Di Girolamo.

1A—Room 81. Louis Kessler, Jennie Weiss.
Room 92. Isabel Schneider, Winthrop Lenz, Anna Fieg.

1B—Room 3. Helen Breitsprecher.
Room 66. Filomena Addonizio, Irma Billig, Margaret Blake, Estelle Koplew.
Room 82. Elfrieda Borten, Warren Condit, Wheeler Coult, George Dougherty.
Room 86. Florence Carr.
Room 93. Walter Walsh.
Room 95. Clara Rosenstein.
Room 83. Anna Andrews, Arthur Magill, Florence Seligman, Harry Stein, Elizabeth Taylor.

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BALLED UP.

Continued from Page Six.

Feb. 25—I tremble with anticipation. I am living again my youth. O tempora, O mores.

Feb. 28—I tried on my costume. I *look,* with my mask on, sublime.

Mar. 1 (written some time later)—The awaited day came at last. I hurried home from the university, ate alone, donned my costume secretly, and repaired to scene of the festivities. I enjoyed myself hugely. I danced (a lately acquired accomplishment) with many partners, enjoyed all the numerous components of a ball, and found myself, tired but happy, at the end of the fifth extra, with a lady whom, though masked, I could see to be rather elderly. Not knowing her, I christened her from her costume "Lady of the Rose." In the course of the conversation, for we had decided to sit the dance out, we discussed many topics, including prohibition, League of Nations, and mothers-in-law. The latter subject was brought in some way, and the "Lady of the Rose" remarked, "I understand that you men have a pet aversion to mothers-in-law."

Wishing to be agreeable and at the same time make conversation, I said, "Yes, they are the most deadly insect of the genus pest. They come, they stay, they conquer. They make the course of true love a rocky one. They wreck as many matrimonial barks as false teeth and wigs." And then, solely to further liven my conversation, I remarked, "Why, I've got one of them in my own house. She is a thorn in my side and a horn in my ear. She talks, oh how that woman talks! She's a Lucretia Borgia, a——"

Mar. 17—I am in the hospital.

Mar. 18—The "Lady of the Rose" was my mother-in-law!

Mar. 19—Now that I can sit up and take a little soup, I am writing on this page that my resolution of Jan. 1 is a thing of the past. To use a slang phrase for the last time, it's "all off."

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THE WINNER.

Continued from Page Seven.

He could not move; his body was strapped tight. He felt no pain, only a kind of dull ache in his chest and legs. So he lay still and tried to remember what had happened.

"Oh, yes, Yacovitch—the bomb—it must have exploded," he mused.

Presently he was surprised by a lieutenant of police, who came and sat down beside him. "My boy," he said, "you are under arrest!"

"But what for!" faintly queried the lad, a lump rising in his throat and tears starting to his eyes. "I am innocent. I tried to prevent the explosion."

"Prove it!" commanded the officer of the law.

Forthwith Pete told his tale, from the time of his kidnapping till he had hurled the bomb from him.

The policeman gave a low whistle and frowned.

"Where is this Yacovitch now? If we find him and his plans, that will prove you innocent. Eagerly Pete told the officer all he knew. That worthy immediately departed, saying, "If we find him, you are free; but if we find no clew as to him or his workings, it will go hard with you."

Meanwhile there was nothing for the anxious Pete to do but wait. Had Yacovitch left? Could the police find him? Such thoughts as these chased themselves through Pete's mind as he lay helpless.

. . . . . .

A week passed with no word from the police. And then one bright morning, the lieutenant reappeared with a grin on his face. "It's all right, kid," said he; "you're square."

Pete smiled happily and sank back while the policeman told him of the search they had made. At last the Red had been tracked down and a confession forced from his lips.

Of the returning of Pete to his parents nothing need be said. Months later, as he walked across the little park, he thought of how death had been promised him. He shuddered. But then came the new thought. "What if they do get me? It was for my country. Anyway, Uncle Sam will protect me!"

"Does your daughter play Mozart?" inquired the young man with gold-rimmed glasses.

"I believe she does," replied her mother, affably, "but I think she prefers bridge."

Miss Decker—Do you know where St. John lodges?

Peg Bailey—No, where?

Miss Decker—Where Ouija boards.

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IN INDIA.

Continued from Page Nine.

All through the remaining hours, Alden strode up and down at intervals—thinking, thinking, thinking. His work had not been in vain if such things were the result of it, but what would the ultimate end be? If, as he feared, the Hindoo should use his loss as a cause of bitterness against the cause he was fighting for, would one soul be worth many in forfeit? Finally, worn out by the hopeless problem, he threw himself upon the bed, just as the sun was sending his first rays over the long, low hills.

He seemed scarcely to have slept a minute when there came a faint tapping at the door. It pierced his light sleep, and he stumbled up to open it. The Hindoo stood at the door, his face drawn and haggard but alight with a firm, new purpose. He gave the usual salutation and then spoke with head back and eyes alert.

"Sahib, I have been until now but very imperfectly sure of the truth of your teaching. But last night I was fully persuaded of the truth, and I give myself to your God—and mine. And with myself I give my house, and my village—for I am in authority here." And with a proud sweep of his arm he turned and disappeared in the gray shadows of the street.

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A RESUME OF THE PILGRIM PAGEANT.

Continued from Page Twelve.

November 21, 1620.

The cabin of the Mayflower. The perilous voyage from Plymouth Harbor, England, over, the leaders of the little company, about to land upon the shores of the New World, draw up a *Contract,* pledging themselves to form an orderly community, to enact laws, and to give to the laws established "due submission and obedience."

Richard More ..... William Parry
Constance Hopkins ..... Ruth Kirschner
William Brewster ..... Fred Frost
Miles Standish ..... Sidney Blumberg
Elizabeth Hopkins ..... Louise Urquhart
Dorothy Bradford ..... Julia Clements
John Casner.....Edmund May, Harlan De Voe
Alice Rigdale ..... Miriam Elin
Edward Winslow ..... Bernard Sichel
William Bradford ..... Fred Herron
Francis Eaton ....Walter Davis, Max Sewatski
Edward Doty..Richard Bevinetto, Horry Marks
Reward Rigdale ..... Boylan Fitzgerald
Resolve Rigdale ..... Marcus Harris
John Alden ..... Stuart Blodgett

Scene III—Industry.

"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit."

1633.

The home of John and Priscilla Alden at Plymouth. In spite of discouragements and dangers, the little community, by confidence in God, by obedience to law, and by steady industry, has thriven. The family of John Alden is returning from Duxbury to Plymouth. The good wives of Plymouth have made ready the home to receive them. Neighbors and friends gather to the feast prepared. While they recall past hardships, they thank God and take courage, that the work of their hands has been so far established.

Mistress Susanna Winslow.....Alice Hodgson
Mistress Elizabeth Hopkins...Louise Uruquhart
Mistress Elizabeth Howland.....Violet Smith
Mistress Priscilla Alden.....Jean Muchmore
Oceanus Coult ..... Wheeler Coult
John Alden, Jr. ..... Marcus Harris
Peregrine White ..... Fred Gensler
Governor Winslow ..... Bernard Sichel
William Bradford ..... Edward Brodie
John Alden ..... Stuart Blodgett
Elder Brewster ..... Fred Frost
Miles Standish ..... Sidney Blumberg
John Howland ..... Stanton Carpenter
Stephen Hopkins ..... Knowlton Read
Hobomok ..... George Haight

Scene IV—Education.

"Fiat lux! Let there be light."

1670.

Fifty years have passed since the landing of the Mayflower. The one little community of Plymouth has developed into the group of settlements of the Plymouth Colony. There has been, however, no adequate provision for education. The General Court, presided over by Governor Josiah Winslow, debates the question of education. Selfish interests oppose the outlay of money; but the right word is spoken, and light dispels darkness.

Miles ..... Roland Reeve
Jonathan ..... David Gladstone
Master Morton ..... Louis Westreich
Francis West ..... Robert White
Governor Josiah Winslow.....Milton McNeil
Pastor John Cotton..... Norton Rodman
Increase Thompson ..... Warren Lozier
Peter Stone ..... Bernard Lefkowitz
James Hardy ..... Jess Levitt
Stephen Snaith ..... Norman Jervis
A Citizen ..... Julius Yadkowsky
Giles Hopkins ..... Thomas McHale
John Alden ..... Stuart Blodgett
Peter Tilloy ..... Joseph Nelowitz
A Scribe ..... Fred Drezner
Schoolboys..Boylan Fitzgerald, Wheeler Coult, William Parry, Marcus Harris, Fred Gansler, Esther Slade, Marian Henne, Eleanor Caruso.

Epilogue.

Once more the scene of the Prologue. The Doubter finds light and renewed determination.

"Shall into Future fuse the Past."

They're two for five and four for ten
The ladies can eat them as well as the men.

PRETZELS

They're still two for five and four for a dime
The reason you see this is because the words rhyme.

Thank you for your patronage.

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THE ITALIAN CLUB.

Continued from Page Fourteen.

and of the importance of spreading the news of the existence of a three years' course in Italian in Barringer High School.

A motion was made by Peter Rosamilia to encourage scholarship among club members, and it was passed unanimously that all members of the Italian Club who succeed in achieving the honor roll of the school for five consecutive months shall be specially honored by the club, and the prize of a book shall be given them. If they achieve the honor roll for a year, besides the books, they will be awarded honorary membership for the ensuing year. The books will be masterpieces of Italian literature, either in the original or in excellent translations, at the choice of the prize-winner.

COSTUME DANCE.

A costume dance was staged by the Italian Club in the gymnasium on November 24. And every one present enjoyed a glorious time. The gym had been decorated cubistically and formed a fantastic background for the King and Queen of the carnival with their court. Julia Esposito and Ralph Ricciardi were the sovereigns, and they decreed two prizes to be given. The most attractive costume was adjudged to be that of Mildred Beltrani, as a senorita. The judges were Miss Hardin, Miss Decker, Mr. Milwitzky, Dr. Dragonetti, and Miss Mancusi-Ungaro. Other features of the dance were the Grand March, the Lucky Number Contest, and an old-fashioned Paul Jones, led by Miss Decker.

The committee in charge were headed by Ralph Ricciardi, Genevieve Weyand, and Jerry Garfola. They are to be congratulated on their unusually successful entertainment.

Van—What do you think of that piece of statuary?

Poland—What is it?

V.—Why, it's called the "Discus Thrower."

P.—It's not true to nature.

V.—Why not?

P.—Because it represents a man.

V.—Of course it does.

P.—But I always thought it was a woman who threw plates.

Customer—Did you graduate from college?

Berber—Yes, once.

Customer—What was your college yell?

Barber—Cut his lip, cut his jaw; leave his face raw, raw, raw!

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PHOTOGRAPHERS

H. GINSBERG, Prop.

855 Broad Street **Newark, N. J.**

Harper—Do you notice any change in me since last night?

Hains—Why, no! What's the matter?

Harper—Well, I just swallowed a dime.

IN GLEE CLUB.

First Comedian (Hageman)—Say, one of us sings rotten.

Second Comedian (Stockman)—So do you.

Betty Gray hereby resolves to keep away from the Sanctum. She's improving.

Since Morehouse is so anxious to have his name in THE ACROPOLIS, we'll put it here.

Mr. Dann—The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. Is there any question you would like answered.

Beth Barnett—Yes! Who is the printer?

Note: "Please excuse Charles' absence. I kneaded him at home." (We'll say he needed it.)

Helen MacConnell—How do you make a Maltese Cross?

Anna Johnston—Step on its tail.

Donnellan—Yes, they sometimes launder soiled money at the Treasury.

Mezger—Can you tell me where they hang it out?

Gene Matalene—You remind me of a flying machine.

Henry—Why?

Gene—Because you're no good on earth.

Thum—Poland's a cheerful fellow. Did you notice he was whistling when he lent me that buck?

Munn—Yes, he was whistling Tosti's "Goodbye."

Ray Bauchelle—I never heard of but one perfect boy.

Mrs. Bauchelle—And who was that?

Ray—Pa, when he was young.

Bardsley—Can a person ever get punished for anything he hasn't done?

Teacher—Certainly not.

Fletcher—Well, I haven't done my geometry.

Mr. Stearns—Brace up. If you have faith, you can move mountains.

Dobbins—Aw, well! Who wants 'em moved, anyhow?

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